

qu'il ne puisse aimer sans souffrir, et qu'il
 faille souffrir
 pour apprendre des verites, la vie d'un tel
 etre finit par
 etre bien lassante,' 'Et comme on comprend
 que la souff-
 france est la meilleure chose que Ton puisse
 rencontrer
 dans la vie, on pense sans effroi, presque
 comme a une
 d&vrance, a la mort.' In a word, Proust
 exists like a
 nightmare tormented by doubts of its own
 existence.

'Sentio et excrucior, ergo sum'—such a
 compound of
 Catullus and Descartes might summarise
 his attitude,
 For, he feels, we cannot help doubting even
 of ourselves,
 when we find that we each contain hundreds
 of different
 selves, that the name of all of us is 'Legion*'.
 We are each
 like a flight of starlings, wildly rushing this
 way and that
 under the leadership now of one of our
 personalities, now
 of another, while the rest are swept blindly
 after.

And yet this is not to say that nothing
 certainly exists.
 Ideas exist. And this is not to deny that there
 is such a
 thing as duty in life, and salvation for those
 who do it
 For the duty of the intelligent, above all of
 the artist, is to
 save the soul not by losing it, but by finding
 it, through
 ceaseless introspection* The modern
 Prometheus on his
 bleak Caucasus becomes his own vulture.
 He must see
 his own heart naked and learn from its
 blind, frantic
 flutterings to understand himself, and others
 through him-
 self. For those who endure to the end, there
 are blessed

moments of consolation and redemption
from the eternal
transience; islets of refuge where we can
rest an instant,
like weary swimmers, above this tide-race of
time that
whirls us all away. It is Memory that can
give us those.
Not wilful and deliberate memory—that is
merely like a
wizened family-solicitor bringing out dusty
yellow dos-
siers which can tell us indeed the day we
were wedded
or came into an inheritance, but can never
give again the
rapture and the radiance of life. It is the
spontaneous